

Harvest Festival | Aug. 31st and
Sept. 1st, 2nd.

THE



READ "The Black Diamond City" in this issue.

WAR

CRY



VOL. XL. No. 42. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 20. 1895. [Commander for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

OUR SALVATION MARINERS.

The Crew of the "William Booth" now Touring the Great Lakes on Salvation Service.



Jas. Amies,
First Mstr.
T. Bloss.

Cadet Milligan.

Lieut. Redburn,

2nd Mstr.

Prof. Little.

Cadet Gibson,

2nd Mstr.

W. T. Medlock.

John Flemming.

Head Sergeant.

Lieut. Park.

Capt. Finlayson,

Adj't. McGillivray,

Commodore.

Capt. Bird,

Lieut. Rushbrook,

A. Hyams.

Trade Agent.

Whipper.

Commodore.

Boatmaster.

Lieut. Rushbrook,

Engines.

Cadet Payton.

Cadet Curry.

Capt. Barr,

Advocate Ag't.

W. Richmond.

Cadet Buhler.

W. Cameron.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Its Origin and Work.

The Naval Brigade is an offspring of the Household Troops Band idea,

as established in England by the Commandant. A band of young men was then formed, who toured the country and aroused intense enthusiasm by skillful playing and Godly entreaty. Here in Canada we are much more scattered, and travelling for a band of 20 people would eat up all profits.

We have thousands of miles of sea line along the great lakes, on which many large towns are situated. What could more effectively suit our purpose than the buying of a yacht, and the visiting of these places by means of God's free waterway? There's the whole matter in a nutshell. The Brigade consists of sixteen saved musi-

cians, led on by Adjutant McGillivray, besides a ship captain, engineer and trade agent. Everywhere they go the natives show them much kindness, and many birds have received a lift up on the way. May God bless these Salvation Mariners, and make them more than ever successful "Bible-ers of men."



ENCAMPED WITH CHRIST.

"The fresh, bracing air of the Spirit is always to be found on the Hills of BETHA. A good ramble over the heights and depths of the Word, its hills and dales, its hidden glens and gorges, its green pastures and still waters, is the best tonic for the drooping soul."

pray for the success of the whole series. We had

A Rattling Good Start,

full of the power of the Spirit. All the campers united. We have had fine times since, right along. Yes, 16's equal to my expectations. On Dominion Day, when the Commandant led, the place was packed full, both meetings—with five volunteers. We have had some souls almost every time."

"And now you pull up stakes?" "Yes, after the wedding feast is over. No, the tables will be set under the trees, not in the tent."

However, owing to the threatening rain, the tent was used.

Here, in THIS COLONY ON THE HILL, one may see how these Christians love one another. Apart from the feverish rush of the sordid world you may study the home life of the Salvation Army behind the scenes, as patient as the eye of day as though they lived, that is, in gilded houses. In frank hospitality, "brody affection," often sharing all things common in the social community of camp-life.

"Are you going to put in about our baby's new shoes?" was the touching inquiry.

ADJUTANT TURNER dropt on one knee at the door of the tent, whilst he lifted his little Ruth into a chair and strove to induce a wea foot to fit straight in the newly purchased boots, whilst she bestowed smile of proud approval upon his patient effort.

"Yes, it meant quite a bit of work," he said, in answer to an inquiry about the preparation for the campaign.

"You see, we have a good many families encamped. TWENTY-SEVEN TENTS, as well as the big one and the canteen. The Headquarters' boys have one to themselves, and the Ladies' Band another. We've had three meetings every day. Knee-drill at seven, afternoon at the tent, and at eight in the evening, with a nice lot of folks at each. Showers of blessing! Especially on Sunday and on Dominion Day, when the Commandant was here."

THE FIRST SATURDAY AND SUN-DAY series were conducted by Colonel Holland, with Headquarters' Staff and band to the front.

"Altogether, we have had a thoroughly enjoyable time," observed THE CHIEF SECRETARY, with the accents of an oracle. He was almost lost to sight, excepting amidst the blue smoke from the crackling sticks of a gay fire between three bricks. The latest scheme was to persuade the kites to boil.

"Everything has been arranged," he continued, "for

MAJOR HOWELL flung himself on the turf and shoved back the ruffled mass of dark hair from his sunburnt forehead.

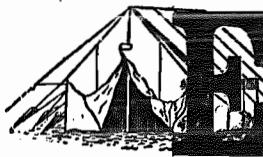
"It looks as if we might have a storm, but I don't think it will come just yet." The rich red of the evening glow burnished each tree-trunk into gold and tipped each blade of grass.

"You led the first meeting at the commencement of the campaign, did you not?" we asked.

"Yes. It was a sort of inauguration service among the soldiers, with

The Army Under Canvas—Ten Days' Salvation Exhilaration—Toronto Salvationism of all Ranks Ruralize—Music, Marches, Meetings, Knee-Drills, and a Wedding. Hurrah 31 Penitents—Commandant to the Fore.

A VILLAGE OF TENTS.



TEN DAYS on the hill-side apart with the Master. "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

GOOD INDEED! Good in the mornings, when the sun bursts forth in glory, when the bugle calls to knee-drill, when the wind whispers peace through the trees, when the heat-waves break through the pines in a stream of warm fragrance. Good in the evenings, when the setting sun overflows the camp with floods of red gold. And between the quiet blue and the rosy dawn, soft darkness and the hush of night, with the white tents blanched in the moonlight,

All things Own Him.

Doubt vanishes, unbelief seems impossible.

Days of pure happiness, days of song and merriment, days of long and beautiful meetings, full of the quiet, broken testimony and faltering confession, days of balm in blessing, days of spiritual breezes. Sinners forgiven. Pardon and repentance preached by the power of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Overhead the tree-tops meet, Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet!"

"You can't mistake the way," directed Captain Attwell. "Just watch out on King for the big notice, 'TAKE THIS CAR FOR THE CAMP.' But you needn't bother, it will go if itself if you only let it."

"I live on Peace Street," was the sunny greeting from Mother Florence, near the gateway opening in the high fence dividing the dusty road with out from the shade and the hush of the green woods and soft sward within.

"It's like

A Little Heaven Below," she affirmed, whilst the two big dogs barked assent. "The meetings have been signs of great power and healing. I haven't been to knee-drill, but I can hear it and ob the sound of the singing in the early morning! And there have been souls right along."

"There have been some wonderful cases of conversion. One, a man of about sixty, made a full confession. Some have come forward for sanctification—a heart by blood made clean, isn't that beautiful?"

"It seems to me one's heart has been almost too full to testify," said Sister Dorsey.

MAJOR HOWELL flung himself on the turf and shoved back the ruffled mass of dark hair from his sunburnt forehead.

"It looks as if we might have a storm, but I don't think it will come just yet." The rich red of the evening glow burnished each tree-trunk into gold and tipped each blade of grass.

"You led the first meeting at the commencement of the campaign, did you not?" we asked.

"Yes. It was a sort of inauguration service among the soldiers, with

good congregations. In previous times the church have been closed in the city. Amongst them who have been to the penitent formane was the brother of Mrs. Staff-Captain Horn."

"The children have enjoyed it splendidly," added Mrs. Holland. Under the trees here it's just lovely, you know, it's something just beautiful! Look at our Willie, jumping up and down and roaring with all his might!"

In fact, a whole contingent of the Coming Army were raising high dido on the dry grass, crisp twigs, and nice, powdered dust.

THE MUSICAL MEETING on Tuesday was led by Major Complin.

THE EDITOR OF THE WAR CRY balanced a writing-pad upon his knee, but apparently he found it difficult to make much headway with his notes.

"How did the meeting pass off?" we added to the rest of his forty-eleven interruptions.

"Very well," he replied, as he dipped his pen and shifted the ink-bottle, "considering how little preparation there was for it. The Headquarters' Staff band boys were all present, and did their share exceedingly well. I had only just returned from Ingold."

"What should I do without Sappo!" softly murmured Mrs. Complin, scurrying away at some shining cooking utensils, with nimble fingers.

"Oh, yes, there was a good crowd, but, although the prayer meeting was held on till a late hour, no one came forward, in spite of every genuine effort put forth for

The Salvation of Souls.

However, Captain Attwell, who assists with the War Cry, dealt with one young man until he professed to realize his sins forgiven where he sat. He seemed a good, genuine case, too. In place of the usual Bible reading, a succession of texts was repeated, and it seemed to open up a rich vein of Scripture truth."

"What have you named your tent?"

"Prospect Place," the Major calls it," explained Mrs. Complin, "on account of the beautiful view." Beautifully true, as we glanced at the rich foreground, down the tangled hillside over the fields, and away to the distant vales of the city, dim in a smoky blue, and beyond that again the placid bay.

THE FIELD OFFICERS' DEMONSTRATION was conducted by Brigadier Jacobs, assisted by the city officers. Past the canteen, past the Commandant's tent, near the "Save the Children" (children's shelter, of course) next door to Colonel Holland's tabernacle, Brigadier Jacobs was sitting at ease, surrounded with his five bountiful bairns.

"This is the first camp I have ever seen," he remarked. "I must confess

I used to be a little bit prejudiced against them."

"And now his prejudice is all swept away," concluded Captain Peacock.

"Well," cautiously said our Scotch Brigadier, "I certainly think it's a first-rate idea for our own people.

I should like it nearer the city for the sake of the sinners. I have held

tent-meetings right in the centre of the town down east, in St. John, Yarmouth, Fredericton, etc."

"You spoke about Paul and Silas at your meeting, did you not?" "Yes," again interposed Captain Peacock, "and it was about the first practical sermon I ever heard." So said several others.

THE SOCIAL OFFICERS' DEMONSTRATION was led by MAJOR COLLECTOR and the City Social Staff in lively style. Like most of the gatherings, it was pronounced an exceedingly interesting season, as well as instructive. The boys from the Farm Colony, England, gave point to the text.

At the HOLINESS MEETING on Friday, MAJOR HEAD-STRUT from far-away had the desire of his heart realized, and his cup of joy—d. with the sight of eight more, as seeking their Father's face at the cross, some backsiders among the little weeping, yet comforted, group.

And what of THE LAST GRAND DAY, with THE COMMANDANT IN COMMAND?

How can one put on paper the joy of waiting at the throne, ho surcharged with holy fire, hours instinct with the light and power of Heaven, when comrades testified, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Who can tell what passed between the soul and its Saviour in those moments of

Agonizing, Wrestling Intercession

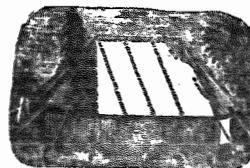
at the penitent-form? What clearer, purer views of time and eternity were given, whilst the voice of one leader was heard, accompanied by the sound of the wind like waves rushing thro' the trees.

Till the yellow stars peeped forth at night on Sunday, every moment was spent in the spirit of interceding prayer. Little groups knelt separately around the tents between the scarcely interrupted series of the day. But under the big canvas, what a stirring up of the fire of God within in the hearts of the faithful! What times of refreshing from the Lord!

After the joyous holiness meeting and a short season for rations at noon, the Commandant and Staff headed the troops out under the hot sun for a spirited sail into Serton village, where a rousing open-air was held. No doubt that partly helped to account for the magnificent congregation at night, for to-day, as of old, the crowd still follow a tip-top band.

With Hundreds of Eager Hearers,

with his fervent staff surrounding him, the whole day long, the Commandant's circus, interceding, standing steady, terse, strong, clear, shot into the ranks of the enemy, pleading, entreating with the sinner, impelling and crowding the careless, strengthening the bonds of fellowship, till at the close of the magnificently-fought day ELEVEN SOULS at the penitent form crowded the glorious prayer-meeting and swelled the triumph of THIS GRAND CAMPAIGN.



KINGSTON STRING' BAND.



Sister E. Bureau.

Sergt. C. Follies.

Sergt.-Major Thompson.

Candidate A. Godwin.

Capt. F. Morris. Mrs. Ensign McLean.

Ensign McLean.

Candidate N. Downey.

Sister A. Downey.

Candidate O. Glenn.

A Character Sketch

OF THE

Kingston String Band.

SERGT. CHESTER FOLLEST, as will be seen, plays the triangle. He's not a bad worker, and can smile at 'most anything. Appears to be well saved and taken a great interest in the Sunday work, teaching a company of them.

CANDIDATE A. GODWIN has left for the Lovers Work in Toronto. Likes lots of life in salvation, as well as other matters. Plays and sings, and does anything else she can for the Master.

CAPTAIN FRANK MORRIS was the bandmaster before he came to Toronto. Likes lots of music played for Jesus and does all in his power to promote it.

SISTER E. BUREAU can smile now and again, and of course is saved. She will make a bright officer if she keeps on. Plays her autoharp and helps quite a little with her singing.

ENSIGN MCLEAN is quite a man. Loves God, music, and everything that's good.

ONE WHO KNOWS THEM ALL.

Raised the "War Cry."

WATERLOO.—No. 1, IRON HILL, good meetings here. We find Father Tiberto rejoicing. Next, No. II, GILMONS CORNER. This is the place where the people know how to turn out to an S. A. meeting. Friday night we had an ice cream social.

We had a beautiful time. Inside addition, in GALT, CHARGE, and in SHIRBROOKE. Returning to Waterloo, we find the devil here still.

One more prodigal returned to his father's home and received a welcome.

We have had to raise our War Crys, and have them all sold before Sunday.

We give God all the glory for the past victory.—One Who Was There, for Captain Milson.

MONTREAL II.—Ever is our War Cry victory. Sunday was a time of power. Splendid meetings in the open air, three times a day. We thank God for a blessed day spent for Him. We are all together going to tear down the devil's kingdom. May God keep us to our guns.—W. G. S. C.

HIS ANNIE DOWNEY, great help with her guitar. Will make a useful worker for God. A little backward, but coming out of her shell wonderfully. Can sing very nicely. Delights to do what she can for God.

MRS. ENSIGN MCLEAN. This sister is not at all shy. Has had quite a lot of experience in S. A. warfare, but in addition to her household duties, as well as assisting her husband in corps work, she helps the band with her music, which is much appreciated.

CANDIDATE NELLIE DOWNEY is the deputy-bandmaster. Gets some

A Day With the Veterans

UNDER

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The Boys of the Naval Brigade
Made Welcome at the Old
Soldiers' Home in
Sandusky, O.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE'S TOUR.—We arrived in Toledo according to date. Spent four days, good time and saw eleven sons saved. We are at Kingsville. Had good time. Neal at Lexington. Good meeting, three souls. Now we are in Sandusky. More next week, if you can find room. Good-bye.

SANDUSKY.—We were invited out to the Old Soldiers' Home of this city, and it proved to be one of the greatest blessings of our trip. On our arrival at the Home there was a funeral in progress. We were at once asked to take part, which, of course, we did. We headed the procession, and grave with our little brass band, and, you may guess, we felt it an honor to lead such a solemn march.

After this we took a good look at the Home and then held a wonderful meeting. This, of course, was the object of our visit. After the meeting we were asked to stay and take our supper with the men, and you can easily understand with what amount of joy we stayed, for this is a wonderful institution.

There are a thousand inmates and they all eat in one large room. We had to sit at one table in this wonderful room.

But this day's event surprised all that we have seen on the trip. When leaving the grounds to come to our meeting in the city, they gathered in

hundreds, and with tears in their eyes bid us God-speed, and asked us to come again. The Adjutant and part of the boys will hold a special mass meeting on the grounds Sunday, and we are believing for a great harvest of souls.

Street Limelight Work.

ST. THOMAS.—Capt. Sebold, G.R.M. Principal Agent, favored us with his presence Saturday and Sunday. Meeting in the afternoon was held in the Court House Park. Wednesday had another visit from him, and without any announcement put up his screen on the main street and gave an address on the social work illustrated by a powerful orator. Within a few minutes we had over five hundred people around, who listened whilst the Captain spoke of the different branches of our work—Lieutenant Stevenson.

RIVERSIDE.—Another victorious week-end. Large crowds and THREE for salvation—H. G. Crawford, Capt. CORNWALL—Brother and Sister Collins of this corps, are rejoicing over the arrival of a beautiful baby boy in their home. Brother Collins has been a Salvationist for years, before he married, he was a mere boy. Sister Collins was saved in Juniors' meetings, and has never lost her first love. They are loyal Salvationists. Some one asked Brother Collins how baby was, and he said, "Oh, 'will not be many years, if he lives, before he does the red gesture and becomes an Army officer." God bless Brother and Sister Collins, and baby Clayton Hartie.—Trifloria.

TEMPLE.—Another week of victory. Soldiers' meeting a real prayer meeting time. Hours and a half of our knees without any change. Fully prayed. A thrilling victory, closing the week with FOUR forward—Eugene Ayre.



FIERY RELIGION In Reykjavik.

STORY OF THE OPENING—DAYLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT—OVER-CROWDED—PENITENTIARY GOVERNOR SELLS SONG BOOKS—THEY WON'T JUMP, EXCEPT AT BRANDY—ICELANDERS APPRECIATE SALVATION ARMY—SMASH—7 SOULS—PRAACHED AGAINST—THUNDERING TEMPERANCE SERMONS."

It was, somehow, very difficult for us to believe that we had been transported so near the North Pole on that mid 7th of May, when the steamer "Laura" was making her way in "the Faxn Bay," bringing us nearer and nearer that, to us, a sacred spot where we should, in the name of God and the S. A., stand. The wardens of the "blood and fire" of the mountains were still arrayed in their white apparel, but the sun sent its warm, friendly rays down on us, as if he wanted to remind us of the omnipresence of the "Father of lights." To me this was indeed a moment when feelings and thoughts could not be converted into audible utterances. Eight years ago had I left these shores, a blunder, to seek the world's toys; how I came back saved, to seek jewels for myaviour's crown. Here and there among these mountains were my old friends and relatives, for whom my heart burned, and my prayers ascended. Now I had come to walk, live, pray, and preach among them for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls.

In a few minutes were our feet treading the Icelandic soil, but where to wend our way was a question rather difficult to answer. The people working on the beach stood and gazed in wonderment at these uniformed strangers, and even the seagull, which, as a rule, never cared for anybody or anything but its stomach, seemed to be especially interested in us. She swept around our head in small circles and made a peculiar noise, which I interpreted "Salvation Army!"

We knew nobody in the town, but by especial providence we found a friend in need, who took us under his roof, and has since been a real friend to us and God's work.

The arrival of the "Salvation preachers" spread like Manitoba prairie fire over the town and neighborhood, so we became the talk of the day before the first meeting could be arranged.

We arranged with the Good Templars to rent their hall, and decided on the first battle the following Sunday. Long before the meeting began we had to be moved to the church, so we were forced to promote many to an elevated position on the platform, among whom was the most prominent journalist in Iceland. He has since made very friendly mention of us and the Army work. Two policemen and our penitentiary governor helped to conduct the people to their seats, sell song-books, receive tickets, etc.

about us. We have been up to the country to hold a meeting in a church where the pastor is one of the worst drunkards in the neighborhood. We preached right after him to the same congregation, and thundering temperance sermons they were. We walked both ways, and had to wade rivers barefooted. Quite apostle, that.

TH. J. DAVIDSON,
Smuljafjarðarhús,
Reykjavik,
Iceland.

Brigadier Lamb got hold of some adverse proofs of a book containing some false reports of the Social Farm. He at once wrote threatening action if printed. At great expense the offending passage was withdrawn.

Major Gover is in charge of Tasmania, and is also recruiting his worn-out body.

Major and Mrs. Jackson have been touring in East Germany. Magnificent trip, splendid crowds, and about 40 souls.

The English week of self-denial is fixed for September 29th to October 5th.

The Foreign Secretary is asking for the gift of a magic lantern and slides for an officer in India to go traveling with.

The General's photo hangs on the walls of the Columbus Penitentiary, O.

Brigadier McPhee conducted a Brundard's Sunday at Norwood, Australia. They had a splendid day.

A young man walked 70 miles to tour with the Maori missionaries, now touring in Australia. He got saved.

At Jersey City, N.J., the Captain is aiming at capturing the local base ball nine. Already the first baseman and the best batter are netted.

A testimony from a saved Dame at Greeley, Col.: "Friends, I used to be a great sinner and a drunkard, but when I came to Jesus he Keeley-cured me."

Headquarters' Crumbs!

SWEEP UP BY HARDPAK.

THE COMMANDANT leaves for the Northwest immediately on the arrival of Colonel Stitt, and Brigadier Clibborn. Everybody read the "Topics" this week. He leads an officers and soldiers' council before he goes.

WELLS' HILL CAMP is all over. The wedding ceremony put the finishing touches on. Everybody agrees in saying that the ten days on the Hill were blessedly happy times.

ENSIGN AND MRS. FOX left on Tuesday for London. The Ensign takes charge of the Workmen's Hotel there.

THE STAFF RIDE, under Colonel Holland, will visit St. Catharines, Newmarket, and Brampton.

CAPTAIN J. ADAMS, of the Trade Office, has gone west on a two months' furlough. May he come back quite recruited in health.

CAPTAIN NELLIE GRIFFITHS, of the Colonel's office, has left us for the Women Warriors' Brass Band of the C. O. Province.

LIEUT. TOOKE, cashier at the Social Headquarters, has been promoted Captain.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE were at Sandusky, O., on Independence Day, July 4th. They had immense crowds and did good service.

HARVEST FESTIVAL looms up in the distance. Major Read tells of new envelopes, original ideas, etc.

CANDIDATE GODWIN, of Kingston, has been appointed to the Parkdale Rescue Home.

THE APPOINTMENT of a new G. B. M. Agent for the Pacific Province is being considered.

ENSIGN MCDONALD, of the Ottawa Rescue Home, has been transferred to the Halifax Home. Captain Cowden taking her place.

He Was Taught a Lesson.

CALGARY, ALBERTA—It is the best Cry I ever saw! That is the opinion of the people in Calgary. Every one likes it. We have had a blessed time here. Captain Baity with us. ONE SOUL for cleaning and ONE for salvation. One fellow came riding down the street one night, where we held our open-air meeting, and told us to pull the colors down. He made an attempt to rope us. The poor fellow was arrested and fined two dollars and costs. and our colors are still flying. GLORY!—O. O.



HOW THE ICELANDERS TRAVEL—These ponies carry a burden of 200 pounds weight each, under which they walk 25 miles a day. There are no roads, but merely tracks trodden down by these animals.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the regeneration of the saved, together with the propagation
of the Farm Colony War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

Continue to pray for Major Jewer.

!!!!!!

Success to the Naval Brigade. See
frontispiece.

!!!!!!

The Farm Colony Governor's opinion of
the Social Scheme is worthy of
serious attention. See below.

!!!!!!

Every Salvationist should read the
articles by the General on the Over-
Sea Colony, now appearing in the War
Cry.

!!!!!!

Colonel Stitt and Brigadier Gilbourn
will receive a genuine Canadian wel-
come. Prosperity to the O.-S. C. plan-
ner party!

!!!!!!

The Commandant's Sunday night
address on Amaranth and Sapphira, at
Wells' Hill, reached the conscience
of the crowd like salt rubbed in raw
flesh.

!!!!!!

Open-air fighting kept up in good
style.

A foolish fellow in Hamilton let off
fireworks against our open-air meet-
ing. Too late in the day for that in
this country.

!!!!!!

CAPTAIN STUBBS, we think, hits
the mark in his finance raising when
he advises first to give to each his
place and work, then "go at it, and
stick at it." In other words, we may,
PLAN WELL YOUR WORK,
THEN WORK WELL YOUR PLAN.

!!!!!!

CAPTAIN DAYDRON, who recently
left Winnipeg to join the pioneer party
turned to attack the powers of darkness;
in Iceland, and who undertook
to fill the position of Special Corre-
spondent to the Canadian War Cry,
writes as an account of the opening
flight, which we heartily commend to
our readers' attention.

!!!!!!

ADJUTANT MAGEE has done a
good thing in sounding the brief sketch
of J. B. A. Sergeant Downey, which
appears this week. Had a few par-
ticulars been added of the Agent's
doings in her special work it might
have been even better. As it is, our
correspondent has dropped his sub-
ject just when we were coming to the
up-to-date part.

!!!!!!

Bunking the laws of Nature cannot
be a good thing to practice. Never-
theless, the Commandant is at this
very business, and, by his example of
hard work and daring, is provoking
to emulation the people around him.
Compelled to stop in the street on
account of a weak heart, and at
times only kept going by medicinal
aid, he still persists in leading the
van of the fight. May God continue
to sustain and equip him for the
great work in hand.

!!!!!!

Buried almost in the multitudinous
matters affecting the Territory that
dominated his immediate attention, our
Chief Secretary is almost lost to the
sight of War Cry readers. The Com-
mandant has, however, given another
proof of his interest in the Cry by
appointing Colonel Holland a regular
correspondent to our pages. The
Colonel will write spicy, one-inch para-
graphs.

Now for cabinet secrets! Look out,
ye F. O.'s, "Coming Events" will, in
the Chief's notes, "cast their shad-
ows before"—perhaps.

!!!!!!

The resourceful Brigadier Jacobs
has also had a like honor conferred
upon him by the Commandant. The
Editor is heartily thankful for these
important additions to the regular
correspondents' list.

!!!!!!

THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

Oh, the War Cry!

A Social Catechism.

Copy of a Despatch Received From the General by the
Commandant.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER III.

Transfer of Colonists From Great Britain to the Colony.

1. Would not this transfer be a very
costly business if carried out on
any extensive scale?

Yes; but as I shall show that I
expect a repayment by the colonists
it will not in the long run be very
expensive, while it will, like the rest
of the scheme, prove a most economi-
cal method of benefitting the poor.

2. How do you propose going about
the transfer?

I should bring the people over in
companies of 100, and onwards. In
the first case I should have to make
the best terms possible with the ship-
ping companies, but I look forward,
and that at no very distant date, to
having a line of steamers of our own,
which would be constantly passing to
and fro, bringing to Great Britain the
produce of the colony for sale and
consumption on the home markets,
and carrying out the colonists whose
labor will produce more.

3. But supposing, as would be the
case in Canada, the site of the
colony would be some distance
from the sea?

Then we must make the best terms
we can with the railways. Doubtless
they would see it would be greatly
to their advantage to give us most
favorable terms, as every colonist we
settled would mean increased traffic
for their railways.

CHAPTER IV.

Launching the Scheme.

4. How would you proceed, suppos-
ing that you were about to launch
the scheme at once?

Well, suppose that I had settled up
and obtained the territory desired,
I should at once publish the fact

amongst our own people in that and
any laboring colony and country, and
ask for Salvationists who understand
the sort of pioneering required to
make the necessary arrangements for
the first settlement. In this case I
have no doubt that I should have
quite as many, or more, men than
would be needed for that purpose.
They would turn down the
country, work in the ground, put in
the seed, the potatoes, or what would
be needed, build the shanties for resi-
dence, get such furniture together as
would be wanted, and prepare every-
thing for the reception of the first
party. From this body of pioneers I
could select some of my first officers
for the colony. I should then select
my pioneer party in England. They
would consist of about a hundred
persons—60 or 70 single men and the
remainder married, with a few child-
ren added to impart a humanizing
element to the whole.

This hundred would, of course, be
thoroughly reliable people, not contain-
ing a man or woman about whose
morality we were not thoroughly satis-
fied, and all would be ready immedi-
ately on arrival to render some
service which would be a value to
the colony. Of course we would have
to be responsible for finding rations
for the colonists, and prepared the
colonists for occupation, and for food
and all the necessaries for the first
party, until such time as the crops
should be reaped, but this would not
be for a very long period. The pion-
eers would be carefully guarded
and directed by the officers in
charge of it, from the moment it went
on board the steamer until the time
it landed in the colony. Arrange-
ments would be made for its comfort
and care at the port when it was
landed, and all along the railway
route, and as they entered their future
there would be friends to greet them,
a measure of comfort would be
reachable at once, while work
would be ready to be entered upon
the morning after their arrival. These
and similar arrangements would be
continued with all successive arrivals.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENT Anne
Beatty, of Victoria, B.C., says:

"The people that come to the meetings,
commonly known as 'our crew,'
love the War Cry, and buy it regularly,
though they are an interesting crit-
ics when occasion arises."

"Our soldiers love the Cry and the
majority of them read it all through
as soon as it arrives. The only com-
plaint they make is that it is not
half large enough."

"Nearly all the business people sub-
scribe to our paper, and look for it
eagerly every week, but seldom offer
an opinion." ***

Hurrah for the "Cry!"

EDMONTON.—The people of Edmon-
ton just love the Cry, and watch
anxiously for it every Saturday. No
trouble at all to sell them, on the
streets and in the hotels. I love to
sell them for Jesus. It was a cross
at first, but God helped me wonder-
fully and has blessed me. Hallelujah!
—Annie Hurst, Lieutenant, Alberta.

JUST TO HAND.

Namatiapoort, Transvaal, Africa.
May 28th.

Dear Edi.:

I have just received my Easter
Cry. I must send you a word of
thanks for such a treat. It is indeed
a beauty. I think it even sur-
passes the famous Christmas number
of '94. I feel quite proud to show
it to my friends, and say, "That's the
way we do things in Canada." It's
a treat at any time to get a Cana-
dian Cry out here, but when we get
such a one as the Easter number, it's
simply glorious. Why, even the trade
man's ads. are interesting.

God bless the dear old Cry. Yours
in Christ, a Canadian in Africa.

B. L. THURBER.

CAPT. COOK, of 69 Burke Street,
Melbourne, Australia, who declares he
is in earnest to know all about the
S. A., at home and abroad, desires
to exchange our Cry for the Aus-
tralian weekly. Anybody willing to do
this, please advise this office.

THE TRAVELS OF THE

CENTRAL ONTARIO TENT BRIGADE

Left Toronto for Oakville. Good
meetings, led by the Commandant and
Staff Band. One soul on to Water-
down, calling at Bronte. Meetings
led by Adjutant Turner; crowd and
interest good. Reinforced by Ensign
McHammond. Our next place, Grims-
by; tent delayed, but pitched in in
open air. One soul, Jordan name
(next who has not heard of Jordan),
kindred, sympathy, and interest on
all sides. One man a man and his
wife drove from Grimsby, ten miles,
and told us that after we had left
they could find no peace till they
had surrendered to God. A night in
the open air at St. Catharines, then
Niagara Falls. Good open-air, good
meetings; one out at peasant form.
Another man called at quarter, asking
for food. Fed him, talked with him
about his soul, had prayer meeting
and believe he got right with God.
While here, heard of young man at
Jordan who had refused to serve God
when pained with being suddenly
cast off. Stopping at St. Catharines
for night meeting, on to Toronto in
time to get some blessings on Wells
Hill, commencing our second tour at
Benton.

CAPT. FRED YOUNG.



INDIAN CAMP NEAR BUTTE.

"SKUAR," Chief of the Crees Indians
of Butte.

The Red Man in Montana

Says Colonel Stitt, in a letter to
Major Cox, of the New York Cry:

Dear Editor.—Familiar with every
detail of the Farm Colony from the
time of the God-given inspiration to
our beloved General, I have watched
its marvelous development, marked
its disappointments, grieved over its
unprecedented difficulties, but despair
to-day that its ultimate power in the

baniishment of woe, sorrow, and crime
(consequent upon the hitherto work-
less and uncorrected condition of the
submerged tens) cannot be gauged.

The cornerstone of a new era for
the down-trodden and sad is laid by
the Darker England Scheme.

God is, and will increasingly pro-
tect us.

Yours in the cause of the kingdom,
W. B. STITT, Governor.

HALIFAX, N. S.—No. 11, who
has been through the re-
fugee line. We have proved "a man's
comrades are those of his own house-
hold." Have had a hard fight, and
some have proved unfaithful. But
thank God, the old standbys are there
and the devil is getting left.

Capt. George Raynor, the old veteran, is in
charge. A few souls have crossed
over to the other side. Keep faithful stand firm
fight on, comrade.—Secretary.

TERRITORIAL TOPICS

BY THE COMMANDANT.

O. S. C.

Later developments have decided the General to proceed at once with the survey for the Over-Sea Colony. Accordingly, Colonel Stitt, Governor of the Home Colony, and Brigadier Gilbourn, late of South America, and our respected brother and friend, Mr. Lawford, of Basingstoke, England, set sail by the S. S. St. Louis, leaving Southampton on July 6. It is hoped they will arrive in Toronto on Saturday, the 18th, in time to make connection with the Northwest Express, which, when joined by the Commandant, they will proceed forthwith.

A MOMENTOUS UNDER-TAKING.

It will be difficult to say at the moment exactly whither we are bound. We shall leave ourselves free to inspect the various districts recommended by our authorities after the General's Colony. These districts are situated in localities in some cases thousands of miles apart. We shall conduct no meetings on route unless they are such as can be convened in a few hours' notice. Our duty is to spy out the land and also the climate, AND we shall see everybody within reach, worth seeing, ride over the prairies, and dig into them as well; inspect the ripening crops; sound the settlers' spirits; and feel the pulse of things generally. We shall start out feeling, as few parties have ever felt, the stupendous responsibility resting upon us. Upon our shoulders hangs the destinies of a new state, and hopes of a new generation. Let the prayers of all ascend to God on our behalf for an endowment of wisdom!

A NEW CRADLE OF EMPIRE.

For beyond all question the matter of this colony is a huge affair. No earthly render of the General's Catechism, or the appealing roundabout with the new things in the way of colonization is to be attempted; a thing the bigness of which supplies the missing element, for want of which schemes in by-gone days have proved so futile. Wherever this Colony is to be established it is destined to be a success sufficiently great to arrest the attention of the whole world. Of all features, none are more likely to insure this, to my judgment, than the fact that so large a proportion of the settlers are likely to be Salvationists, attracted to the Colony out of sympathy with its aim, desiring to spend their lives under conditions so as to keep out all bad propensities and practices. Here we shall have, in addition to those coming out to a new and happy existence from circumstances of poverty and misfortune, an element of help and experience and self-sacrifice which will be as leaven, indeed. Who can say, therefore, that we are not destined to build up a small empire on the principles of the cross?

A. A. A.

COMRADES.

Colonel Stitt is an old comrade of many years' standing. He was almost the first companion in arms I had on entering the service. He and I served together under the Maréchal in Paris. When the Prefect of that city shut down the Army hall, and prohibited any further meetings up the lane where I received my first black eye as Army door-keeper, Colonel Stitt, then Adjutant Capo, used to help us find another place in some other as yet undesignated part of that great city.

We scoured the neighbourhood for miles around. At last we got on an old iron foundry, opposite a mill, about 300 yards from the Place de Villette. After much manœuv-

ing we got it. There were more clauses and provisions, and whys and withs, "ifs" and "buts," "whereas" and "wherefore," notwithstanding and nevertheless, therelike and thererelike, aforesaid and hereinafter, etc., etc., than in any other lease I ever remember before or since. Of course, they were all in French, which made it all the more tantalizing. We got inside at last. Behold, it was very dirty. Iron girders stretched across supported the roof, a great deal of which was given a gaudy rainbow tinge also supported by hundreds of iron rods. I shall not forget those girders and rods. Upon each had accumulated the filth of an age. The whole place was a floorless, shapeless depositary of dirt. Captain Stitt and I tackled it like a couple of gladiators. Cash was scarce. Hard work and a little self-denial, we thought, would accomplish the end more reasonably than letting out contracts. Accordingly, we set to work. We scrubbed and scraped off the mud and rust from every one of the iron girders and rods. We washed and painted them with paint we had ourselves mixed. The building was ultimately turned into a hall, which for beauty and cleanliness could not be beaten. It took us about six weeks. During that time our diet was mostly grapes and fried potatoes. The last time I was in Paris I had the pleasure of addressing about 30 cadets who occupied the very seats I had myself stained and varnished. Now Captain Stitt is a Colonel and a Governor, and we go together as possible pioneers of a far greater undertaking. God bless the Colonel! It is a matter of profound regret that I am not able to introduce him at a series of rousing meetings all along the line, but the urgency of his return to London and the desirability of our being untrammelled by any engagements makes it impossible.

A. A. A.

A COSMOPOLITAN.

Brigadier Gilbourn, it will be guessed, is not a stranger. The brother of my own sister's husband has for years been an intimate comrade and companion. The Brigadier has seen much happy and successful service in France, Switzerland, Africa, Belgium, and South America. It is indeed a pleasant prospect to look forward to the company of such old and loved comrades. If our survey is as useful as it is happy, it will be profitable, indeed!

A. A. A.

WILL IT COME?

It will, of course, be understood by all concerned that the inspection of these localities does not in the least commit the General to their choice. We will love Canada and long to see her broad acres in the West peopled with a Godly community, fervently hope that the result may be in her favor.

A. A. A.

HARVEST FESTIVAL, HO!

The dates are now definitely fixed for the Harvest Festival celebration throughout the Dominion, Newfoundland and Northwest America. They are Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, August 18th, Sept. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Some new and novel features are to be introduced this year. For particulars look out for future issues of these notes.

A. A. A.

N. W. AMERICA BRAINS THERE.

Encouraging news continues to come in from Major Frederick and Bent. Tolings are moving well in Northwest America. Meanwhile, will all comrades there unite to help me

make the special edition of their C. Y. a better record of local news? Will officers, and indeed soldiers, take an interest and supply the editor with interesting matter? We want to make this edition of our world-wide paper second to none anywhere. We have enough brain power west of Winnipeg to do this over and over again. Will our comrades please remember we are powerless without their assistance?

ADVANCE, SPOKANE!

The Social work in the West continues to boom. Developments at the Shelter at Winnipeg may be quickly looked for. Victoria continues to go ahead. Spokane will shortly come in for her share. Why should not this city have its Rescue Home? It is a question first of officers and secondly of dollars.

Married at Wells' Hill Camp,

Monday, July 8th.

ENSIGN FOX AND CAPTAIN AYLING.

An Immense Crowd—Salvation Hilarity at Boiling Point—“Showers of Blessing”—The Knot Fastened by the Commandant—A Backslider Weeps His Way to Jesus.

Beyond all question, THE WEDDING CEREMONY was a splendid success.

THE COMMANDANT, who has been in excellent fighting fettle every day, on this occasion excelled himself—if possible. In capital spirits, and with many a merry bit of fun, he handled the marriage question from various standpoints. His stories of volleys that greeted his entrance with a hearty hooray and bridgegroom caused the canvas sides of the tent to flap to and fro with the vibration of repeated shouts and cheers. The crowd was dense and appreciative, the spirit of the soldiers united and enthusiastic.

BRIGADIER JACOBS stirred the audience to roars of laughter. In the Chinese lantern-lighted gloom, with

The spirit manifested throughout was delightful, whilst the Commandant's address was, as on the previous day, the talk of the camp.

The Ladies' Band, or, rather, THE WOMEN WARRIOR'S BAND, was commissioned by the Commandant, who shared in the warm approval held by everybody. After the meeting he held a little private council with them apart.

A hand-holding-up-and-over testimony meeting followed, and ended in a free fight for souls. One could not help but be impressed with the freedom and almost frolic-someness of the whole affair, like the rejoicing of some great family gathering. Without any break in the light-hearted jubilation, it continued into a concentrated bat-



ENSIGN AND MRS. FOX.—Married by the Commandant at Wells' Hill Camp, Monday, July 8th.

for the salvation of one young man at the penitent-form under the influence of drink. Until nearly midnight the soldiers held on around him. Then his letters broke, the light streamed in, and another clear east made the thirty-first for the week's camp.

ADDENDA.

God bless Ensign and Mrs. Fox (nee Ayling), the newly-married pair. They went through the all-important ordeal right bravely, and got the documentary evidence of the transaction right there on the spot.

Jesus, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, furnished the Commandant with a festive theme. Note it, Ensign and Mrs. Fox, let us all note it: “Take, therefore, everything in life, and you have Him to supply every need as it arises. Have I not said to you? Then, if you have Jesus, you may rest assured that need will be supplied.”

“I am the bread of life; he that eateth me, he shall live for ever; and he that liveth by me, I will make him to abide in me, and I in him.”

“There need be no dolefulness in married life. I can tell you it is a grand testimony from Bandmaster Manton.



A NEW OPENING

AT OTTAWA.

The Imperial City Adds Another Corps.

For some time we have been urged to open fire on ROCHESTERVILLE, a suburb of Ottawa. At last our opportunity has arrived, a gentleman kindly loaning us a piece of land, and another helping us to buy some lumber, with which we have built a platform and roofed it.

On Thursday evening, July 4th, almost all the corps turned out, band to the front. We first had a march around several blocks to notify the people of our arrival, and then pitched in for a real, live Salvation meeting.

There is one thing very plentiful in this locality and that is women, for they swarmed around till there must have been two hundred of them.

There was good order throughout the evening. We are believing to have a successful time for God and souls.

CAPTAIN BEARCHELL.

INGERSOLL'S BIG GO !

MAJOR AND MRS. COMPLIN LEAD ON.

ENSIGN FRAZER'S NEW QUARTERS.—\$388 RAISED.—\$100 to BE SAVED ANNUALLY.—TELEGRAPHIC FAREWELL.

INGERSOLL has just celebrated its anniversary. Major and Mrs. Complin were there. Their presence and help were richly enjoyed by soldiers and friends. Not only was it the celebration of the twelfth anniversary, but also the opening of a cosy little Army Home for the officers.

Ensign Frazer and family have for the last nine months been in charge of the Woodstock, what has been known as the first four months as the Ingersoll District.

He removed his District Headquarters from Woodstock to Ingersoll the first of April. Almost the first thing he set his heart upon after getting there was the building of a quarters for the officers. The barracks there is Army property, seating capacity 800, far too large for ordinary purposes, so Ensign Frazer thought enough could be easily spared for a quarters, mucking the gas and heating bills much less for the winter months, and still leaving the barracks comfortably large enough. So he brought his idea before the officers and soldiers, and they, being a fair-minded, intelligent class of people, saw at a glance the advantage of the scheme. Then Contractor Brother Scott drew out the plan free, which was sent to Headquarters, where it passed the Property Board.

By hard and constant labor from the soldiers and officers, with an occasional day now and then from an experienced hand, and the guiding eye and council of Brother Scott (who often called around and sometimes spent a day with us), the work went on. Ensign and Lieutenant felt a little stiff at first, but as they went on from 6 and 7 in the morning until 9 and after at night, every day for a month, the time flew by so it did not seem from the time the first nail was driven we were in our home, and a fine little one at that, as Major and Mrs. Complin can bear us out in saying.

Down stairs, on the level with the main barracks, is a kitchen 12x10 1/2 feet, with a roomy pantry off it. Then, leading from the kitchen, facing the street, which is the principal street in Ingersoll, comes the dining room, 12x10 1/2 feet. The stairway leads out of the dining room and lands you in a long, cool, and pleasant sitting room, 12x10 1/2 feet, with a large window facing Thames street. Then on either side of this room are two nice-sized rooms, 11x12 1/2 feet each, a window in each room looking out upon the main thoroughfare, and a nice, large, clothes closet, making in all a quarters containing a kitchen, pantry, and dining-room down stairs, sitting room, four bedrooms and clothes closet up stairs. On the

north side of the barracks is a little hall, capable of seating 75 comfortably, for J. S. meetings (and I might say right here that our Ingersoll J. S. meetings come second to none, if you please), soldiers' meetings, and knee-drill, leaving a main barracks large enough for 500. The cost of materials and labor, \$421.44, which, owing to kindness of friends in sympathy with our work, donations from soldiers, dinner and banquet on the 1st of July, the debt of building, independent of the usual corps income, was cleared off by payment of \$832.45, leaving a balance of \$88.99. But, just like the S. A., no sooner were we enthroned in our new home, and, as the poet says, "Monarch of all we survey," then in comes a boy with a telegram, saying, "Ensigh Frazer, farewell, leave, leaving tomorrow," and here we are, and of truth we can sing, "No home on earth have we."

The Lassies Brass Band Tour IN WEST ONTARIO OUTLINED.

Make Things Hum.—They Win Souls and Get Cash.

After leaving LONDON we struck ST. MARY'S. Had a nice time in the open air. Next day off to STRATFORD. Monday off to MITCHELL. This place has no officers, and is run from Stratford. Capt. McKenzie went on ahead and arranged things. Next day we went to SEAFORTH. Met at station by Adjutant Taylor. Felt quite at home here. Had a nice time. After Seaforth came CLINTON, and from there to BAYFIELD. Who has not heard of Bayfield? Large crowd here, although the Naval Brigade had only been a week ahead of us. We had town hall full Saturday and Sunday at GODERICH, and traveled there to WINGHAM, where we had a fair time. A TRAVELOF twelve miles brought us to ETSWATELL, driving back to Wingham the same night. Next day to BRUSSELS. Next day on to LISTOWEL, where we found the famous Captain Howe was stationed. Leaving this place we struck PALMERSTON. Through a change in the arrangements no one met us, but we found our way to the quarters where dinner was ready waiting. We soon felt at home in their midst. Booked at hotel for HARRISTON, a drive of six miles. Came back to Palmerston the same night. Next day being Saturday, was the day for cleaning up. Sunday, good meetings all day. THREE SOULS came to God. Then we had a wind-up and march around the barracks. Took the band who the three ones that had the dance! BANDMISTRESS.

On leaving Palmerston we proceed to Dryden, a drive of twelve miles. Had a full house. From Dryden we drive with Father Scott to Fergus, a distance of eighteen miles. At night we had a proper good time in the open air, with three dollars collection, and special one inside of four dollars, making a total of seven dollars, apart from what was taken at the door. Well done, Fergus! From here we drive on to Elora and then to Guelph. Many thanks to Ensigh Frazer and Mrs. Hunter, who did all they could to make our visit a success. Berlin next. Arriving at the station, we looked for Capt. Orchard, but he was not there. We wondered our way to the barracks and not finding any one to stop to "mend my wait." By and bye the captain came. A very good crowd at night. On Sunday, good times all day. Afternoon, a fine time. Christians took hold well. At night we had a good time with one soul out for salvation. God is not only helping us financially, but spiritually as well.

"AUNTIE."

Open-Airs Grand.

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—STILL looking up. Praised be the Lord! THREE SOULS last night. Many more. There are a great many attractions to keep people away from the meeting, still we are doing our best to bring souls to the cross. Our open-air meetings are grand. Soldiers on fire for God and souls. Yours for Jesus, E. Kemp, Captain, L. Gible, Lieutenant. 75 on the march Sunday night.



ENGLAND.

The General farewell for Scandinavia. The Chief and Commissioner Howard with him.

Much interest aroused over 30th anniversary. Great central gatherings planned.

Adjutant and Mrs. Winder, till recently of Canada, in England on furlough.

Brigadier Richards and "Midget" Badgley at Bury. Anniversary meetings. 22 souls.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Booth visits Buffalo. Midnight crusade. Great sensation. Splendid ladies' meetings, etc. Star Theater on Sunday. \$1,000.

Persecution at Yonkers. Twenty-four comrades jailed. Bailed out, except Ensigh Crawford and his two aides. Will fight it out.

Staff-Captain Cox imprisoned at Colorado Springs. Ladies come and clean her cell. Intense indignation against authorities.

AUSTRALIA.

Another Pentecostal campaign being arranged.

A Maori missionary party on tour. Brigadier Jeffries touring through North Queensland.

NEW ZEALAND.

Australian Guards' Band now touring the Colony.

Great Rescue Demonstration at Christchurch. Several M. P.'s and the Mayor on the platform.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fisher, late of Canada, take a N. Z. appointment.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Keetch at Port Elizabeth and Graaff Reinet. Splendid meetings. 40 souls.

Ensigh Webb, Capetown L. Lassies' Garrison leads the S. A. world in CY selling. Her corps sells 1,000 every week.

Revival at Grahamstown. 24 souls on recent Sunday.

Dominion Day

—IN— PORT ARTHUR.

FIVE MEETINGS AND 2000 PEOPLE

The 1st of July dawned clear and bright, with good omens for a fine day for the celebration of Dominion Day in Port Arthur, for which a large programme of sports and games of all sorts had been arranged.

Where was the Salvation Army all this time? Asleep? Not by any means. A little band of men and women, with Mrs. Elliott at their head, sallied forth from the barracks and took their stand on the street corner. What a contrast it presented, this simple procession of a handful of God's redeemed ones, and the CALTHUMPIANS, who also paraded the streets attired in all kinds of fantastic and ludicrous costumes, the former to hold up Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and the wonderful salvation (which the world could not give them) they found in Jesus and the latter vainly endeavoring to grasp salvation from the games and sports they were engaging in.

Our little band knelt on the street corner and sought God's blessing on the meeting. Crowds lined both sides of the street and pressed around the ring.

At 4:30 p.m. we marched off to another corner, where we preached and sang, and testified, and invited visitors to get saved. A crowd of French people stood near the ring, having great fun at the Army's expense. Imagine their surprise when the Captain began to sing in French. They could not understand it. Following up this advantage the Captain sang several more French choruses, and

then told them of Jesus, who was strong to deliver them, to which they all attended with rapt attention. About an hour of this kind of business, when we removed to another stand. Here we again drove our stake and preached Christ to the people, who, for another hour, listened attentively to all we had to say.

7:30 p.m. finds us again on the street, with still an interested crowd standing around. Shot, thick and heavy, were hurled at the enemy here. A LOG-ROLLING CONTEST took away our crowd to the docks, and thither the Lord directed us to go and so for the FIFTH TIME we planted our flag for an open-air meeting. Did we get the crowd? Why, yes. Some took no notice of the sports, some stood around and took in all we had to say. We had announced a "singing battle" for the night's meeting in the barracks, so we were compelled to leave the open-air about 8:30 p.m.

The "singing battle" went with a swing. The "Army A B C" took well, and so did all the singing, but the quartette from the "four noted characters of the town," brought down the house.

At the close of the inside meeting all left tired, yet satisfied that this was the best day we had ever spent, having held five different open-air and one inside meeting, and spoke, in all, to about two thousand people. To God be all the glory. JOE E.

ARE YOU FOOGED?

Drifting from Holiness.

TAKE SOUNDINGS.

WHAT a difference! From beauty light, holiness and purity, to darkness and sin; from faith and victory to unbelief and defeat; from hope and courage to fear and despair; from being spiritually minded to carnal mindedness; from enlightened and inspired by the Holy Ghost, now empty and powerless; from peace of mind and rest of soul to unrest of mind and agony of soul; from life to death; from enjoying a Heaven below to the experience of one of old, "the pang of hell gal hold on me." Precious soul, is the Spirit revealing to you this is your experience? Have you fallen back and wounded? Do you feel bad? But, you say, I am all in a mist. I would say, God is not any cost, but do not understand Him, circumstances, or myself. No doubt the devil has well laid his plans for your downfall. He saw the strong point in your character, and decided it's very strength would be a chance for him to work and cause your overthrow, making the strong points your weakest. What followed? The mist of doubt, fear, and darkness closed in. In some time ago, when going from one port to another by water, a few yards from the wharf the boat was enveloped in mist, in the early morning, in the autumn of 1863. The order was given to cast anchor, and for two hours we appeared at a standstill. Then the soundings were taken, showing we had drifted into shallow water. Answer given to question, "Are we drifting?" was "Yes, some!" The thought struck me, like an arrow, "What are we doing?" We thought, like an experience spiritually; we either go forward or backward. Very soon the sun and wind lifted the mist, and we sailed in and out between islands and mainland; I never remember seeing such beauty of colors and beauty of foliage. The woods were gorgeous in "rimes, gold, green and brown shades." The lesson drawn was this: If you have lost spiritually, "take soundings." Find out where you are and how you got there. Plead and pray till cause is plain to your mind. Come to ask opinions of others. Do your first steps again. Repeat, remorse, consecrate, and TRUST. When tempted to doubt or fear, take the word of God, and on your knees let its meaning take hold of mind and soul, then in faith show God His own promises. Bring your will up to God and stand on truth. Obey and go forward; as you walk in light the mist will roll before the presence of "the King of Righteousness," and the "way of the Lord" will be revealed to your soul.



GOOD MORNING, Mr. Editor. I am sure you will be glad to receive a few more pebbles from this beautiful isle. There are some pebbles of more value than others, so there are spiritual ones that are of more value to God and to His people.

LET ME SAY HERE, in the first place, that you will be glad to learn that Ensign E. F. Gooch was united to Captain M. Burton on June 27th. I tell you the Ensign had a close shave to get there for the special occasion, only having one hour to get from the boat to his quarters, pack his traps, and be on board again, but he got there in time. What will a man not do to be on hand on such an important occasion! Well, the knot is tied, and his troubles are all ended. Happy man!

ON THE 28TH we had a Staff-Committee all day, and some very important decisions were arrived at. Those present were Ensign and Mrs. Gooch, Ensign Freeman, Remond, and Crittenden, Ensign Payne, Captain Cave, Cashier, and Mrs. Sharp, along with the writer.

DO YOU WANT to know what we did all day? If so, just read on.

First.—Decided that every War Cry and Young Soldier that is ordered at the present time CAN AND SHALL be sold.

Second.—That we shall work and get every officer to pay in full for the same amount that they receive.

Third.—That each D. O. shall write for the War Cry once a month, and urge upon every officer to do the same. (Hear, hear.—Ed.)

Fourth.—That we believe not only can we maintain our present sales, but that we can improve and increase the same in a short time.

Fifth.—That we order 20 extra copies of All the World at once, and each D. O. will do his best to bring the same before the public at no extra charge to his corps, and also try and get every Captain to purchase one for him or herself.

Sixth.—That the Sick and Wounded has been neglected in the past, and from this time we shall urge every officer to send in the regular collection for the same, and the amount shall be entirely devoted for the benefit of the sick officers.

Seventh.—That we start on the first of July, and go in to get 1,200 prisoners during the next six months. That will be an increase of 400 against that of last year.

Eighth.—That we go in to get 500 soldiers during the next six months. This will be an increase of 500 over that of last year, but we have the faith and we can do the works.

Ninth.—We rejoice very much in the fact that every corps that paid a rent has now started again to do the same, and we shall make a great effort to keep them up in full every week.

Tenth.—That the "Saviors" and "Saviors" shall not be a burden on the P. H. Q., and to clear out some of the same we shall urge upon every one that we can get to join the "Fisherwoman's" League.

Eleventh.—That while we mourn over the poor state that our beloved Island is in at the present time, financially, yet we believe that with a united effort and a practical, systematic planning we shall be able to reach a target of \$700 for Harvest Festival. This will mean nearly \$200 over that of last year.

Twelfth.—That we all sympathize very much with our beloved leaders, Commandant and Mrs. Burton, and that a letter of sympathy be written and signed by all the staff and sent on to them by the



A Buck.

MONTANA CHARACTERS—FLATHEAD INDIANS.

first mail, assuring them of our sympathy, and that we give the Commandant and Mrs. Burton a most hearty induction to save the sun-gift, late this fall, and should it please the Lord, and they could find time and see their way clear to come, a most loyal and enthusiastic reception awaits them all round the island.

J. D. SHARP, Major.

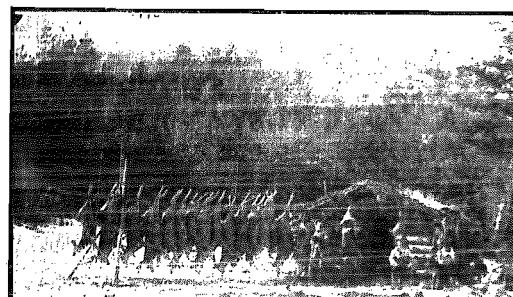
That New Opening!

NORTH BAY.—As to all railroad centres, the men here are absent from town a great deal of the time, or sleep during the day, and the spiritual tone of the people is, therefore, rather low. Another drawback is Sunday railroad life. But notwithstanding these difficulties, our Army forces here are gaining strength—perhaps not numerically, this last week or two, but decidedly so in a spiritual sense. The Army held a picnic in the park on Dominion Day, at which a large number of townspersons were present, and all who attended the open-air services thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A visiting minister very kindly took part in the service. The meetings have been well attended, and we are looking forward to an earnest continuation to the arrival of Major Howell and party, who are to be here on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst. We expect great good to be accomplished for the Master's cause at these meetings.—Vertan.

PICTON.—Since last report, God has been blessing and saving souls. There has been two professes conversion.—H. Walker, Capt.

ST. JUAN.—The devil was mad when these three souls got right a week ago Sunday night! Last Sunday (the devil) was at knee-drill threatening defeat, but God enabled us to believe, and every dinner there, two young men, and one old, gray-haired backslidder, got saved. The devil fled for a season. Converts out on the march and testifying in every meeting. All glory to Jesus.—Lieut. Ottawa.

PERTH.—The Salvation Army is plodding along. Some are holding up their hands for prayer. On Sunday we had great times, dancing, singing, and praising God.—W. Teeple and A. K.



HUNTING CAMP, MONTANA.

Pork Warfare.

ORILLIA.—I have just had a week-end at this corps. Found Captain and Mrs. Gooch's faith running high for a good Sunday. The work was set up in proper shape, with a nice platform and a large number of chairs. The Captain's work was not in vain. Crowds were good all day and many hearts were touched by the power of God.—S. Scarr, Ensign.

OSHAWA.—Transferred very suddenly from Brampton to this corps. God has indeed helped us, and already THREE SOULS have been forward and claimed victory. We spent July 1st in the country at the residence of our comrades, Moses and Mrs. Wheeler, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Blessed meetings, comrades refreshed.—Capt. and Mrs. John Jones.

Dedicated Baby.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Things that have happened. Father Thomas, the old Army friend, has been called away. We miss him in the meetings, but today he sings with the blood-washed. Fourteen have been added to the roll. Eleven of these have been saved at the Army penitent form, No. 1 barracks, within the last three months. Sergt. and Mrs. Andrews' little child, Ernest Earl Andrews, has been dedicated to the Lord by Ensign Coombes. God bless the father and mother! The balance sheet for quarter ending June 28th, has been read. A good Army friend walked in the ring last Sunday and laid a dollar bill on the drum head.—T. C.

Picnic, Oh!

KINGSTON.—Two souls Thursday night, one soul Sunday night. Dominion Day picnic a great picnic with the corps and friends, at a beautiful grove on the shore of the lake. We all enjoyed the outing very much. Had a meeting at night before coming into city, and all came back feeling better in body and soul. The Kingston comrades are at present enjoying the visit of one of their old comrades, Cadet N. McNamara.—J. McDowell, for Ensign and Mrs. McLean.

BURIN, NFLD.—After eight months' lighting at Fortune, orders came to leave and proceed to Burin. The comrades of Fortune gathered on the wharf to wish us God-speed, and as we shoved off from the pier they started to sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" We arrived at Burin at twelve o'clock in the night. Found one of our Sergeants there to meet us. Sunday night's meeting led by Captain Moulton, who is here to see his friends. Five professed to find salvation. We are full of faith for this place.—A. Keay.

PERTH.—Visited Faithbrooke, twelve miles from Perth. We held a grove meeting. Nearly one hundred and fifty people stood and listened to us. We went in for an old timer. Some of our church friends got the glory, and also our own, were blessed. We had a good collection sold for the War Cry. Left a deep impression on the attentive crowd.—A. Kelley.

SARNIA.—Victory, FOUB souls for pardon, TWO for clean heart, ONE for healing. Very short stay. Sorry to leave. Mrs. Cockrell's health failed. Going for a rest. Love the fight as much as ever. Anxious to get at the front again. Well saved.—Captain Cockrell.

SAFE HOME AT LAST.

She Left a Bright Testimony.

The death angel has again visited the ranks of the Picton corps. This time the call came to Sister Munroe, who had been a member for some years. She was quite ready when the time came. She was very anxious that her loved ones should meet her in heaven. She left a bright testimony behind that she had gone to be with Jesus. Her wish was to be buried in her uniform, also to have an S. A. funeral. The band and comrades met at the house and held a service there, and then marched to the grave. We believe that it has left an impression on the hearts of the people of Picton that shall not be forgotten.

We do pray that God may bless and comfort her dear husband and children, and that it may be the means of winning them to Jesus.

H. WALKER, Captain.

—THE—
BLACK DIAMOND CITY.

Nanaimo Corps History

CHAPTER III.

A BRAVE SOUL—"I'M HIS, ANYWAY"
—**PLODDING — A WELL-TIMED
REBUKE — HOW TO FURNISH A
QUARTERS—THE FIRST AND LAST
SUMMONS—JUST SAVED IN TIME
—“RUSTY.”**

The second to kneel at the penitent form was Maggie Degan. This dear inmate, though not physically strong, felt no sooner as God saved her that her place was where she could be most used in blessing and helping others. Officers were sorely needed, she sent in her application, and was accepted. Orders came for Vancouver, and leaving the home she loved so dearly she went forth, determined that all the strength and energy she possessed should be used in the service of her Master. Her body life told upon all with whom she came in contact, but her career in the field was not for very long. After fighting as Lieutenant for a short time, her health failed and she went to her home on Gabriola Island to rest, from whence she was promoted to glory in March, 1893. Not one who visited her in

Her Last Illness

came away without gaining encouragement and inspiration from her words. Only the day before her death she remarked to a comrade that she looked forward to the time when she would "step from the kitchen into the parlor," little thinking that the time was so near.



CAPT. COWAN, Nanaimo.

Just previous to the administration of the chloroform, under the influence of which her spirit took its flight, she said to those around, "It's all right; I'm His, anyway."

The third convert was Sister Louie Smith. She was almost a child when she sought salvation, and many of her friends and acquaintances counted her conversion as excitement, or a childish fancy. But, hallelujah! it has grown with her, and after fighting as a soldier at Vancouver and Nanaimo, she is still in the ranks at Tacoma, U.S.A.

Others might be mentioned who were saved at this time but have gone elsewhere.

The increase of numbers, though gradual, was sure; still, the

Little Handful of Salvationists often felt their insufficiency as they faced the crowds in the open-air. But God helped them, and though perhaps results were not as visible as in other openings on the coast, they gradually won their way into the hearts of those whom they were "seeking to save."

Disturbances were few, for it might be mentioned here that ever since the advent of the S. A. in Nanaimo, the



LIEUT. CARROLL, Nanaimo

greater kindness could have been shown than that manifested by the police, who have at all times been ready to give any assistance necessary.

One little incident, however, proved the sympathy that some of these "diamonds in the rough" had for the Salvationists.

While holding an open-air meeting a young man threw a missile into the ring, as if intending it for the officers. He was quickly grabbed by some of the indignant crowd and

So Roughly Handled

that no second attempt was ever made.

When the time came for a change of officers, two ladies arrived on the scene in the persons of Captain Breerton and Lieutenant Gooding. During their stay finances improved, the crowds were larger, and, best of all, the harvest was soon reaped in a revival of souls.

One important event was the furnishing of the first officers' quarters, which was accomplished in very short time, as the generous, good-hearted people gave all that was needed. In one particular meeting, when the Captain was asking for donations of furniture, a wash tub was dropped through the window. To the surprise of everyone present, in a few minutes the donor was marched in by a policeman, holding up "a wash tub" from the Captain, was speedily released. Those two made many friends, who have remained such ever since. Among the number are Mrs. Cowle and First Brothers.

The next in charge were Captain (now Ensign) Laura Aikhenfeld and Lieut. Kate Fraser. During their stay in Nanaimo many were converted who are in the ranks to-day.

The Confidence of the People

was won, and the work took rapid strides. As might be expected, his stoutest enemy objected to a branch being thus made in his ranks, and every conceivable idea was put into operation by some of his servants to upset the meetings where the grand, soul-saving work was being carried on.



SISTER PATTERSON, War Cry Boomer, Nanaimo, and POLLY and WILLIE.

But these two lasses trusted God for victory, and He gave it them. They proved by experience that "all things work together for good." In one instance a young man caused a disturbance in a meeting, using his fist. It was too freely. For this he was locked up and fined the next morning, but afterwards gave God his heart and became a good soldier.

On another occasion a young man, who had often been expostulated with and warned on account of his conduct in the meetings, announced his intention at the open-air of going to the Army to "raise hell." Taking with him a man who was muddled with the devil in solution, to the utmost of his ability he carried out his threat. It was impossible to let

This Flagrant Offence

pass in order to preserve order for the future, so the next morning a summons to appear in the court was handed to him. With this all his courage (?) of the night before speedily disappeared, and the result was a visit to the Captain petitioning her to pay half the costs, and say no more about it, for he had another to support. His chances had been so many that the Captain could not consent, but she did not press the charge, and after paying expenses he was dismissed, not before, however, receiving a severe reprimand from the judge.

This had the desired effect. They experienced no more trouble in that direction, and had no occasion to make a second example.



MRS. GARLAND, the Army's G.B.M. Agent, Nanaimo.

IN FEBRUARY, 1890, a young man who had attended the meetings for some time became deeply convicted, got converted, and took his stand as an elder. Only two weeks after his conversion he was killed instantly by falling off a derrick in a stone quarry in which he was employed. This solemn event made a deep impression on many who had hitherto seemed the most careless. This being the first S. A. funeral, it was largely attended, and from that open grave many afterwards started for Heaven.

The work at this time was

Going Ahead Splendidly

when farewell orders came, Captain Coulter and Lieutenant (now Captain) Scott taking charge. The revival continued, the barracks was filled every night, and finances boomed. Many of those who form the corps to-day look back to this as the time when they started to fight "under the good, old, Army flag."

The people, too, who had seemingly taken little or no interest in the S. A., began to inquire into their methods, when they saw those whom they had known as drunkards and gamblers changed by the power of God into sober and upright men, while even the most indifferent acknowledged that there must be some good in it from the striking results, as the following will prove:

One of our officers was working with a man who strongly ridiculed everything and everybody associated with religion, but on being asked his opinion of the S. A., said, "Well, I

can't say as I've seen much of them, but I do know that since

**That Fellow They Call
"Rusty"**

has joined 'em, he's a deal sight better than he used to be, and I hope he'll stick to it."

Thank God not only "Rusty," but many more, are still sticking to the old corps that brought them to the fold.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN !!!

→ Begin to Plan and
Sciene for the Suc-
cessful Working of
This Year's

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Good Old Joel!

How John B. Gough was Saved From a Drunkard's Grave.

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was lying loitering the Elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A



stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, in cordial tones,

"MR. GOUGH, GO DOWN

to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made.

WITH TREMULOUS HAND

he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it. The poor boot crimp who tapped him on the shoulder—good Joel Stratton—has now gone to Heaven. But the youth he saved was till recently one of the foremost reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of the Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elm of Worcester. "He that winneth souls is wise."

LIVE.

**DUCKS, CHICKENS, FOWL,
and even a STEER were
donated to last year's**

Harvest Festival, HURRAH!

Fifteen tenement houses are to be built in one of the worst slum districts of New York City, under the plans of two women architects who have given special study to the light, air, and separation of families, particularly important in tenement houses building.

CORRESPONDENCE!

BRANDON, Man., June 18, '05.

Editor War Cry.

Dear Sir:—Being a busy man, consequently not having much time to devote to the material building up of Christ's kingdom, I am slow of speech, consequently a man of few words; thought I would take this opportunity of writing a fragment of my Christian experience through the columns of the War Cry.

I was converted in a little Methodist church, in a little village not far from the eastern coast of England. I don't exactly remember my age, but I think I must have been about 16 years old. I remember how God's Spirit strove with me, how the power of the Holy Ghost fell on that little assembly of unsophisticated rustics. I remember how I called upon God to be merciful to me, a sinner, and how He answered my prayer. On the joy, the inexpressible happiness which filled my soul! "No tongue can tell how happy I felt." It seemed as if I had been exalted to another sphere. It seemed to me as if Heaven had suddenly dropped to earth. I remember, too, as soon as I felt that my sins were washed away, I began to pray for my elder brother, and, bless the Lord, He answered my prayer. Methinks that no person under Heaven could be any happier than I was then. How true those words seemed to me, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But, somehow, since that time, I have drifted away nearer the frigid zone of indifference. I have "hung my harp upon the willow." I am still desirous of better things. I am still longing for that old-time, early love, that first love, which seemed to absorb my whole life. Why is it that I cannot possess it as I once did? I would to God I had that holy, pure, simple, devout life that here seems of the officers of the S. A. and of some. Call it holiness, others call it sanctification, but to me it is mystification. I understand being justified by faith and having my sins forgiven, but I can't understand having the tree of sin, which has been implanted in our breasts since the fall of Adam, taken out by the roots, destroyed, annihilated, as it were. If there is such a thing as getting rid of the roots of bitterness, I want to get rid of them. If there is such a thing as being holy on this earth I want to be holy. If there is such a thing as getting rid of the desire for sin, then pray for me, officers and soldiers of the S. A., that this desire may leave me.

Hoping you won't think this too long or tedious for the pages of the War Cry, as it may be a blessing to others as well as myself, by devising a plan whereby we may be led out of the darkness of mystery into the light of understanding. Yours in His war,
J. A. ROWLAND.

J. A. R.—The fact that on your own confession you have "drifted away" is a most pitiable sight to be. To drift away is to be lost and lost. You have fallen from your first love. This, too, is a sin of which you will have to sorrowfully repent. To have this restored, you must turn, go back over the old ground, renew your broken vows, and determine to do right at any and all costs. It is very evident that you are laboring under unforgiven sin. One step at a time, my brother. First the blade of true repentance for omitted sin, then the ear of blessing, or sanctification, obedience to all God's laws and will. When you have thus repented and found forgiveness, then will come the desire to consecrate your all, goods, time, friends, belongings, and all your possessions, to God for the extension of His blessed kingdom. You must come to God's altar with this determination and prayer.

My spirit, soul, and body,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be."

Then go out into the world and carry out the spirit of this whole-souled consecration, and you will soon get the great blessing you so much desire.



Tune—Jesus paid it all.

On the cross of Calvary

Jesus died the lost to save,
Gave His life to ransom me,
Though I was a guilty slave.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

Sinner, will you stop and think
Of the Saviour's love to you?
Stop before you deeper sink,
Grace will make your heart anew.
Christ is waiting now to save,
Sinner, do not stay away!
Come, oh, come, and seek His grace,
Mercy can be found to-day.

BERTHA FALLIST, Kingston.

(o)—(o)—(o)

Tunes—"O Lord, on Thee our cares
we cast; Bright crowns, "B.J."
59; "S.A.L." 498; Oh, the Lamb,
the bleeding Lamb, "B.J." 3 and
72.

O sinner, come to Jesus now,
Behold He waits and pleads;
He's waiting now with outstretched
hands,
And for you intercedes.

Chorus.

Oh, come just now, the Saviour waits,
He's calling now for thee;
Now yield your heart and let Him in,
And from destruction flee.

He's waiting long for you to come,
And knocks aloud to-night;
Now yield your heart and let Him in,
He'll fill your soul with light.

When Jesus lives within your heart
All will be peace and love;
He'll cleanse your soul and it will
glow
With joy from Heaven above.

SISTER MRS. GOODCHILD.

RESCUE NOTES.

MRS. BOOTH.

Parkdale Rescue Home and its Latest News.

We have been exceptionally busy of late housecleaning and getting the place generally put in order. Early in the morning the paper hanger might have been seen making his way to the Home. Result, our meeting room and sewing room are quite transformed. The girls and officers have worked like heroines, going from the top of the third story right down to the basement. The garden, too, has not been neglected, as the disappearance of long grass, etc., testifies. While our hands have been busy, our minds have been

Very Much Worried

over the serious illness of some of our little ones, and in spite of all our care two have been taken away. Nor has this been our only anxiety, for we have not been visited several times by thieves, who have broken into the Home while we slept, carrying away food, etc. May God deal with them, whoever they are.

If I continue in this strain you will think we have nothing but difficulties, but through the grace of God we have our joys, too; but before I tell you those I must tell you of another burden or rather two other very heavy ones. One is our rent. This we have not had to pay in the past, the Government grant having covered this. Now this is insufficient, and we are striving to get monthly subscribers to the amount of \$30. If any of our readers would like to help us, we shall be so glad to hear from you. Address 46 Jameson avenue. The other is the need for more help. If

Tunes—Down in the garden, "B.J."
67; Oh, the Lamb, "B.J." 3, and
"B. J." 72.

Oh, dark indeed the past may be,
And sins as mountains rise;
Hark, sinner, Jesus calls for thee,
He'll heed your penitent cries!

Chorus.

Jesus is pleading, calling now to thee;
Sinner, won't you heed His mercy?
He can make the captive free.

Oh, sinner, look, the Saviour stands
Alone at Pilate's bar;
For thee the nails went through His
hands,
No longer with Him war.

Five bleeding wounds He did receive
Alone on Calvary's tree;
His blood He shed, His love He gave,
And died to set you free.

CADET WRAY. Lifeboat, Toronto.

(o)—(o)—(o)

Tune—We'll all shout hallelujah, "B.
J." 26; Ready to die, "B.J." 10.

With a hatred for sin,
Let the battle begin;
All the warriors of Heaven draw nigh;
While Jehovah we greet,
We shall never retreat,
Till the enemy shall scatter and fly.

Chorus.

We'll all shout hallelujah.

For the sinner to meet,
Through the rain or the heat
We will march with a heart full of
love;

We will tell them of One
Who from Calvary has come,
And is waiting to greet them above.

PICKER.

you could see how our dear officers
toll

Day After Day, Early and Late,

not only here, but in the Women's and Children's Shelter, !!! they are worn out, I am sure you would feel this in a burden. Who will help us?

Look at the poor, old women and their wretched condition, and the girls, who, but for the Rescue Home, might be worse than on the street, then send in your application. Write to Mrs. Booth at once and begin to do something that will tell for eternity. Next week come with me to our last Sunday evening meeting. At the sound of the bell the girls all gathered round the table in the lecture room. As we sang, and prayed, and talked, God came very near, the tears were seen filling some eyes, and

Conviction was Stamped

on several faces, and first one hand and then another went up. Till four had manifested their desire to be saved. God is always near to a penitent soul, so I spent till light in their faces. I might as well tell of Fannie, who has been sent to her parents in Scotland, and others who have gone to situations, but will stop, as this is the sixth page, and I know how the editor likes short articles. I will finish by giving you all a hearty invitation to come and see us.

ADJUTANT MILLS.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, 2, Tupper, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS.

1878.—MCMENAMIN, JOHN—Left Ireland and landed in Montreal in 1836. He is now about 80 years old. His son, John, 8 Gomery St., Winnipeg, Man., is the enquirer. New York City, please copy.

1879.—JOHNSTON, JAMES, native of Coldstream, Scotland. Was at one time employed as brass finisher at Woolwich Arsenal. Last heard of seven years ago making enquiries for his son at Blyth, previous to going to Canada. Send information to above address.

1880.—WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 26; rather short, dark hair and eyes, and wears a white cap. Has a son in a situation at Aldershot, which she left, saying she was going to Southampton and after that to Canada. Send information to the above address.

1882.—BLISS, J. ROSA, Age about 18; fair complexion, light brown hair, fair eyes, dark complexion. Was put in the West London District School, Ashford, near Staines, about 6 years ago, was sent from there to Canada by Miss Rye. Last known address, care of Mrs. Israel Smith, Morpeth Postoffice, Ontario. Enquirer (brother) has sent several letters to the above address, but received no reply. Send information to above address.

1883.—MCNEIL, MRS. (nee Betsy Meekish). Left England 14 years ago; had a fancy drapery business at Galt, Ont., in her maiden name. Married a gentleman named McNeil. Sister Sarah enquires.

1884.—SKARRETT, WILLIAM. Last known address, care of Mr. Bassett, Deseronto, Ont.; farm laborer. Father enquires.

1885.—AMBLER, MRS. ROADES, (nee Lizzie Flynn). Age about 27; very dark; height about 5 ft. Last heard of three years ago; was then living at Angus House, East Angus, P. Q., Canada. Husband was then working at the Electric Light Co. Farmers are very anxious for news.

1887.—WYATT, WILLIAM. Fair complexion, black eyes, deep scar under left eye, deformed in left foot. Went into "Dr. Barnado's Home" in March, 1885, and was sent to Canada on July 15, 1885; landed at Quebec on the 21st. He was sent to the school, Harriston, Ont., and from there to Meaford with Mr. Brown, then left and went to live with a Mr. Simpson, Tavistock; last heard of in Nov., 1890. Supposed to be working on a farm. Mother enquires.

1888.—HANSEN, PETER AND FREDERIKKE (wife). Natives of Denmark. Their address in 1893 was 356 10th Avenue, North Winnipeg, Manitoba.

1889.—MCREYNOLDS, ROLAY, age 54, 6 ft., dark-skinned. Left Rosemore, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, about 35 years ago, and went to Rosemount, Ont.; farmed. Mr. Hugh McReynolds (nephew) enquires.

IMPORTANT!

An enquirer comes from Cape Town, South Africa, for CHRISTIAN PETER RODWELL, who has not been heard from for twelve months. Was then living in Neisvor, On. His mother is very anxious; broken-hearted. Address, Mrs. Lindley, Claremont, South Africa.

H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
August 31st, September 1st, 2nd.

- GET READY! -

"Give of the Fruits of Thy Labor"

AND REMEMBER THE

Great Harvest Festival.